

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
MARCH 18, 1909
VOL. LIII, No. 1377



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IF YOU OWN AN ELECTRIC...

Then Learn What the Right Tire Will Mean to You in Money and Trouble Saved and Mileage Increased

All Electric Vehicle Tires, *save one*, have disadvantages which largely offset their merits.

The Solid Tire assures freedom from punctures and is enduring. But it racks the motor, injures the batteries and gives but limited mileage per battery charge. Because, the tire being inflexible, the entire car must be lifted over every pebble or obstruction in the road.

The Gasoline Auto Tire is unsuited for Electrics—because built for *durability* and *extreme mileage* when driven at high speeds over rough roads. It lacks the extreme resiliency necessary to "help along" the lower powered Electric so that the greatest mileage per battery charge can be secured.

The Single Tube Tire, because extra resilient, gives satisfactory mileage per battery charge, but when the inevitable puncture comes, these single tube tires leave you helpless on the road. They cannot be repaired except by an expert at the shop.

The Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tire embodies the good points of all these tires and eliminates all their defects.

It is made from a pure gum compound which makes it as elastic and resilient as a new rubber band. This supremely elastic rubber is built up over a tough fabric of special weave which gives back and forth in every direction. Thus full play is given to the springy rubber and the air inside the tire.

So, when Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tires are used, *every road becomes a boulevard*. The tire gives in to every pebble, stone or obstruction—the car does not have to be lifted—the batteries give full mileage on all roads. The saving is enormous.

When punctures come, the tire can be removed from the Goodyear Universal Rim and repaired, or a new inner tube put in place in a few minutes without special tools. It's so simple that a woman can do it easily.

And in durability and tire mileage the Long Distance Electric will outlast all but the solid tire. These are FACTS. We know it from tests made by hundreds of car owners and by practically every Electric Vehicle manufacturer.

Two of these tests are given below. You will find them convincing.

2140 Miles—Lincoln, Neb., to Washington, D. C.—Over Mid-Winter Country Roads. Only One Puncture. Fixed in a Few Minutes

The Fritchle 100-Mile Electric started from Lincoln, Neb., late in November for Washington, D.C., taking the most direct route, through the Allegheny Mountains, regardless of road conditions or charging facilities. When the car reached Chicago, plastered with mud, the Goodyear Long Distance Tires, with which it was equipped, still contained undiluted Lincoln air. Thirty miles east of Chicago a wire nail caused a stop of a few minutes while a new inner tube was put in. Aside from this no trouble was encountered. The tires are in A-1 condition and will easily stand a return trip.

The Fritchle Electric is supposed to make 100 miles on a charge on city roads. It made an average of 90 miles on roads which would worry a gasoline car. The pictures in the margin tell the story plainer than words.

1060 Miles—Detroit, Mich., to Atlantic City, N. J.—Through Mud and Sand, Carrying Two Passengers. Only One Puncture

Last summer the makers of the Detroit Electric determined to convincingly prove their claims that an Electric Automobile was quite as well adapted for country use as for the "sandpapered" boulevards of the city. So on July 1st a car taken from stock was started for Atlantic City, N. J. Two passengers and about 150 lbs. of luggage were carried. Rainy weather was soon encountered and for hundreds of miles the mud was inches deep. Then in New York State the always stony roads were made more difficult for a large part of the way by extensive repairs in process. Yet, largely because Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tires were used, the full mileage per battery charge was consistently delivered.

6000 Miles from One Set of Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tires

Let it not be supposed because these tires are so wonderfully resilient and easy riding that they are tender or lack in durability. Only solids can give greater mileage, and these soon ruin a car. Read this letter, one of many we have received—it offers evidence in proof—

Gentlemen:—

Replying to yours of recent date, I must state that your Long Distance Electric Tires have given me fine satisfaction. I have been using them on an Electric Surrey for the past two years, and two of the original tires are still working.

I have driven about 6000 miles and consider this a very fine performance, especially when the tires are overloaded as these have been at times.

I believe your tires to be superior to any others we have ever tried, and if it will do you any good, you may use this letter for advertising purposes.

Very truly yours, ARTHUR O. WEBER
(Driver for Mr. W. P. Palmer, Pres. American Steel & Wire Co.)

As a Further Proof of Supreme Merit, Note this:

The manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles are vitally interested in the performances of their cars. Anything which will increase mileage per battery charge is eagerly welcomed.

Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tires have proved by all kinds of tests to be so effective in this regard that they have been adopted as regular equipment by practically every Electric Pleasure Vehicle manufacturer in the United States.

If your Electric is not already Goodyear equipped you have yet to know it at its best—Goodyear Long Distance Electric Tires will cut down your battery-charging cost amazingly.

They will carry you with even greater comfort—they will give more mileage per tire than any pneumatic you can use—

They are so easy to repair in case of puncture or gashing that these troubles will no longer be dreaded. They are unquestionably the BEST tires for Electrics—the only tires made solely to meet the peculiar requirements of an Electric Automobile.

If you are interested in more details as to "Why" and "How" call at our nearest branch or write for our helpful book, "How to Select An Auto Tire," which will post you fully.



Lost on the prairie in Nebraska



Deep in the mud in Iowa



Frozen Road in Ohio



Road in the Alleghenies



Near Blairsville, Pa. Building a stone road here.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Wayne Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies: Boston, 261 Dartmouth St.; Cincinnati, 317 E. Fifth St.; Los Angeles, 932 S. Main St.; Philadelphia, Broad and Fairmount Ave.; New York, 64th St. and Broadway; San Francisco, 506 Golden Gate Ave.; Chicago, 80-82 Michigan Ave.; Cleveland, 2005 Euclid Ave.; Milwaukee, 188-192 Elgin St.; St. Louis, 3935-37 Olive St.; Buffalo, 719 Main St.; Detroit, 251 Jefferson Ave.; Pittsburgh, 5988 Centre Ave.; Omaha, 2020-22 Farnum St.; Washington, 1026 Connecticut Ave.; Atlanta, 90 N. Pryor St.; Louisville, 1049-51 Third St.; New Orleans, 706-716 Barrone St.; Memphis, 181-185 Madison St.; Dallas, 111 N. Akard St.; Denver, 28 W. Colfax Ave.; Baltimore, 991 Park Ave.; Kansas City, 16th and McGee Sts.; St. Joseph, 316-324 N. Second St.; Indianapolis, 208-210 S. Illinois St.; Providence, 366 Fountain St.; Minneapolis, 116 S. Sixth St.

· LIFE ·

The Prudential

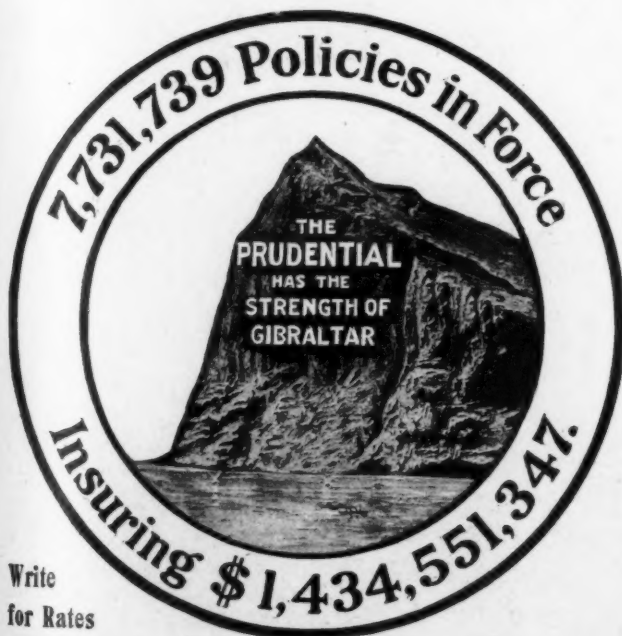
made the
**Greatest Gain
in Insurance in Force**

in 1908,
of Any Life Insurance Company in the World!

Giant Strides of a Giant Company:

Gain in Life Insurance in Force, in 1908, over	- - - - -	97 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders, during 1908, over	- - - - -	19 Million Dollars
Dividend Fund to Credit of Participating Policies, Dec. 31, 1908, nearly		15 Million Dollars

**Total Payments to Policyholders Since Organization, plus Amount
Held at Interest to Their Credit, Over 313 Million Dollars!**



OTHER 1908 FEATURES

Expenses Reduced.

New Monthly Income Policy Inaugurated.

Loaned to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies, to Dec. 31, 1908, over 10 Million Dollars.

Tax Payments in 1908, nearly 1 1/4 Million Dollars.

The Prudential

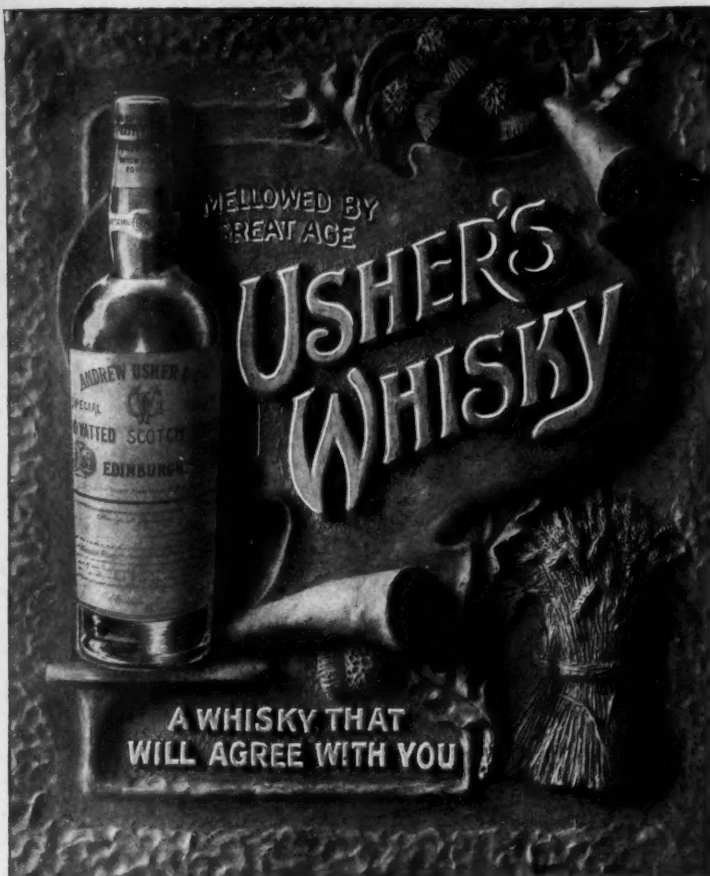
Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

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Write
for Rates
of New
Policies. Address Dept. O.



MELLOWED BY AGE

USHER'S WHISKY

ANDREW USHER & CO.
SPECIAL
SELECTED SCOTCH
EDINBURGH

**A WHISKY THAT
WILL AGREE WITH YOU**

BREWSTER & CO.

are the sole agents for the

Delaunay - Belleville Chassis

which they recommend to their customers with their guarantee.

With Brewster & Co. standard coach work, the lightest and strongest, these make an exceptional combination of the practical and artistic.

Peerless Cars—

a number now ready for sale supplied with our exclusive coach work by special arrangement with the Peerless Motor Car Co.

Also Panhards, Renaults and bodies for all chassis.

BREWSTER & CO.

Broadway and 47th Street, - New York

ALONE IN ACCURACY

There is just one speed indicator—The Warner Auto-Meter—which is so sensitive—so supremely accurate that it correctly registers the speed of an Automobile when *pushed by hand* on the garage floor, and every variation of speed up to 100 miles per hour.

All other indicators fail to register *any speed whatever* under 5 to 10 miles per hour. After a few months' use, wear of delicate cams multiplied dozens of times through the indicating hand, renders them so grossly inaccurate that they are worse than useless. The cheapest alarm clock is a marvel of accuracy by comparison.

Difference in principles is responsible for this difference in results. There are but two principles adapted for speed indication—Magnetic Induction and Centrifugal.

The Warner Auto-Meter alone is made on the Magnetic induction principle, the only principle which permits of absolute accuracy and almost everlasting durability in the same instrument.



THE WARNER AUTO-METER

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

is built like an expensive Chronometer. It has but two moving parts. These revolve. There is no sliding friction. The bearings are sapphire jewels and imported Hoffman Balls. Such bearings will practically last a lifetime without wear.

The Auto-Meter, because made on the only correct principle, is *unvaryingly accurate* year in and year out and so durable that it will *outlast a dozen cars*.

Our Free Book tells "why" and "how" of it all. It will be sent for the asking to anyone who writes. In your own interest buy no speed indicator of any kind until you know. To buy the wrong instrument is to waste your money.

The Warner Instrument Company, Factory and Main Offices 385 Railroad Street, Beloit, Wis.

BRANCHES: New York, 1902 Broadway
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Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Avenue

Detroit, 239 Jefferson Avenue
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Pittsburg, 3432 Forbes Street
Cincinnati, 122 E. Seventh Street

San Francisco, 550 Golden Gate Avenue
Buffalo, 722 Main Street
Chicago, 1502 Michigan Avenue
Los Angeles, 1212 S. Main Street

"If it isn't the Jack that Duff built, it isn't the Barrett."

The New

BARRETT JUNIOR

for handling medium and light weight cars, has all the superior efficiency and convenience that has always been deservedly credited to genuine

BARRETT JACKS

Weights but 5 lbs., is but 10 inches high, gives full 6-inch lift with capacity of 1500 lbs. dead weight.

It marks another step ahead by the originators of all improvements in jacks since the beginning of motoring.

See that the jack in your car is a genuine Barrett or a Barrett Junior, and beware of cheap imitations.

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING CO.

50 Church Street, New York 118 Holborn, London 4 Rue Auber, Paris

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Life

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII MARCH 18, 1909 No. 1377

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE are orphans again. President Roosevelt went out of office amid the

applause of the glad and the sorry, a tumultuous display of emotion by the elements and his other companions, the cries of the wounded led by our neighbor, the *World*, and the strains of the triumphant recession of the brass band that played, to the tune of "A Hot Time,"—

There's a new man—
There's a new man on
The job!

About a hundred thousand people got their feet wet and the cause of total abstinence was set back about a year. That was because it was moving day for our National Storm-Center, and the weather felt bad and behaved worse at parting with its best friend. The pneumonia returns are not in at the time of this writing, but they are expected to be heavy.

President Taft was sworn in and made a speech. Nobody need read it. Mr. Taft is a safe man and is not going to do anything rash, no matter what he says. He said, though, that he hoped to continue the Policies, amend the trust laws, revise the tariff, increase the revenue (perhaps by a graduated inheritance tax), strengthen the navy, keep the peace, agree with the Japanese, protect aliens, revise the currency system, subsidize the mails, establish postal savings banks, dig the Canal (with locks), deal kindly but wisely with the negroes, help labor, protect business, and improve the methods of the courts. Not that he expects to do many of these things himself, or by his own unaided energy, but he will call them all in due time to

the attention of Congress, and first of all the tariff, for the improvement of which he called the extra session of Congress to begin on March 15, to deal with the tariff and nothing else.

Of course, tariff revision is a serious job which everybody who is concerned about it, is anxious to have over. If Mr. Taft succeeds in inducing Congress to help him make the first hole in his Presidential course in good order, he will get a very big start indeed. This is undoubtedly the time to tackle the tariff, with a new Congress, and a brand new President. The country wants the job done; all preparations that could be made by commissions and committees have been made. Now for it, then; and Heaven send that this most important work may be well handled.



BUT let us not be unduly excited even about the tariff. We have come to the end of a period of considerable strain, and about seventy-nine millions of us need a period of repose. If wishes were steamer-tickets about that many of us, more or less, would follow the example of Mr. Roosevelt and take ship this spring, get out of the country, and give ourselves to the contemplation of foreign lands for the government of which we were not responsible. Mr. Taft is a careful man; he seems to have an excellent cabinet; we have got some good new men into the Senate, and the House, refreshed by some new blood, is at least as competent as heretofore. For the moment they are all friendly to one another—President, Senate and House, and the Courts are cheered by the spectacle of a President, himself practiced in the law, and with six lawyers to advise him. If there is anything in legality surely the country is now safe, and anybody that can get away from it may go with reasonable confidence that it will be here when he comes back.

Let us go then, if we can. Even though we merely go to Europe we shall find much to cheer us. Pretty much all the big countries over there have troubles worse than ours, and are

living fartler beyond their incomes than we are. England is getting the same sort of unexpected patronage for its old-age pension that we have always had for our war pensions, and is dismayed at the prospect; Germany has an embarrassing pressure of population on the means of subsistence. So has Italy. Austria is trying to govern various unwilling provinces with the strong hand, and is daily on the brink of war with one or another of them; Russia seems still to be a festering sore, and France fears for her loans and her soul, both of which are esteemed to be in peril. Altogether there is a great deal in Europe to flatter the wandering American into the conviction that his own land is not so ill off as it might be, and if he goes on into Asia the same consoling impression will be imparted to him with increased force.



MR. ROOSEVELT sails on the 23d of this month. Somebody has got his picture in the paper by prognosticating with absolute confidence that if Mr. Roosevelt goes where he is expected to go, fevers and bad insects will do him up, and he will never return. But probably he will not go where he is expected to go. He has engagements to deliver two courses of lectures in two of the most civilized centers of Europe, and has already written the lectures (so we hear), and doubtless anticipates a good deal of pleasure in delivering them and seeing the folks who will come to hear them. We do not doubt for a minute that he will deliver them, and that he will avoid in Africa adventures and excursions which would be likely to put his life in more than ordinary jeopardy. If there is anybody around to whom this earth ought to look interesting it is Mr. Roosevelt. Like any of the rest of us he may get prematurely run over by an automobile, but we cannot think there is the least likelihood that he will fool away an unequalled expectation of interesting human experiences by rash behavior in the wilds of Africa.



THE FIRST WIRELESS



Our Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Remember, that one of the most difficult things for a husband to learn is, for example, just how he can lie to his wife without really being dishonest about it. We show you how you can do this, in only one lesson. We show you how you can retain all your conscience and self-respect and lie judiciously, gracefully and absolutely, and make your wife love you all the more for it. You may not believe this, but when you know the secret you will be surprised how easy it is.

Kind friend:

My grateful thanks to you for being the means of making a happy home out of what otherwise would have been a mere pretense. Up to the time I began taking your course of treatment, my wife knew everything I did. Somehow, I could not look her in the face and deceive her. The result was that we were constantly in hot water. Now, however, all is changed. And the best of it all is, that, knowing I am lying only for her sake and to preserve the harmony of our home life, I see that it is really a moral force, and this of course only adds to my deep sense of benefits received. God bless and keep you in your grand work!

In the Young Husband Course we have a series of what we term Anticipations and Beginnings, most important for your future. By a long series of investigations and comparisons, we are enabled to tell all of the unexpected things that a woman will spring on her husband when he is completely off his guard. Think of what a help this is! For example, we have found by calculation that one woman in every ten, within four weeks after the honeymoon is over, never wanted to go where they went on their



"IS CLANCY ANY BETTER—I DUNNO?"
 "YIS, HE WAS OUT AV HIS HEAD ALL NIGHT.
 BUT HE'S BACK IN AGAIN THIS MORNIN'."



O'Haagan (whose air-craft has been demolished by a scorcher): NEVER MIND, MARY ELLEN, OI HAVE THE BLAGGARD'S NUMBER!

honeymoon at all, but really wanted to go to another place; that one woman in five has a sure cure for a cold, which has been handed down from her great-grandmother, and that one woman in two bursts into tears on the third Sunday evening and wishes out loud that she was only back home with papa and mamma.

We have also found out by scientific methods that every woman, within one week after she is married, always insists upon making for her husband with her own hands some special dish that she has learned to make at home. We tell how to anticipate this, how to ward off the attack, if necessary; in fact, just what to do in a given emergency. We show you how to act in the case of sponge cake, raised biscuits, apple pie, fudge or prune soufflé. We prepare you

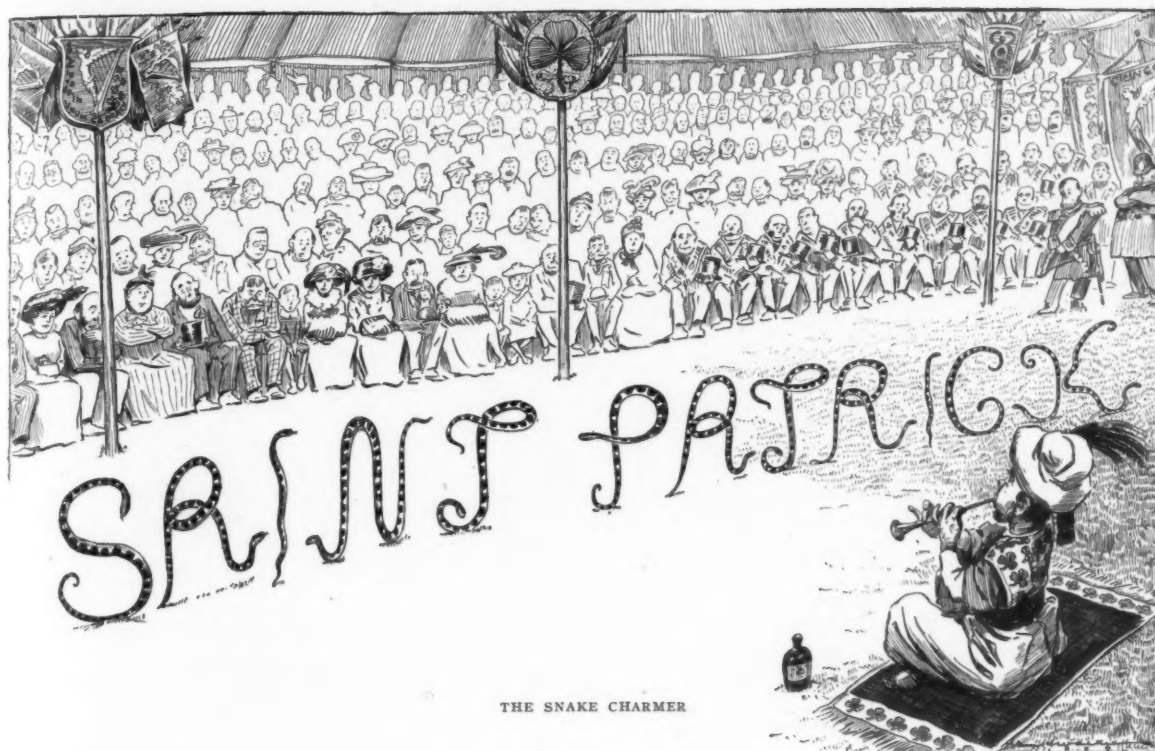
so that you don't have to eat any of these things, and yet make your wife happy in the consciousness that you think she is a good cook. It may seem impossible for any one to do this, but we assure you that it can be done. Here is a testimonial:

Dear sirs:

How can a grateful patron thank you enough for what you have done? I have been married just three weeks to-day. Last night we entertained a party of friends, and my wife insisted upon making a welsh rabbit. No one escaped but myself. That I am well and hearty to-day is due entirely to your bureau. I inclose four dollars, for which please send me your complete husband's manual. I shall tell all my friends about you.

Correspondence invited. All communications are confidential.

First come, first served.
 CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS,
 New York.



THE SNAKE CHARMER

St. Pathrick's Day!



OH, glory for the Imrald Isle,
St. Pathrick's Day!
We'll do things up in proper style,
Each Irishman will wear a tile,
Each Irish maid will wear a smile,
St. Pathrick's Day!

We'll form into a fine parade,
St. Pathrick's Day!
Still, nonetheless, I am afraid
At each saloon we'll be delayed,
We'll drink all things but lemonade,
St. Pathrick's Day!

Oh, praise the land that gave us
birth,
St. Pathrick's Day!
But don't forget, amid the mirth,
A people we of weight and worth,
We'll show the world who rules the
earth,
St. Pathrick's Day!

Our Money

It is reported that President Roosevelt is in favor of putting Lincoln's head upon the half-dollars.—*Newspaper Item.*
The President has just signed an order to put Lincoln's head on the new issue of cents.—*Later Newspaper Item.*

AS we are all tired of the effigy of that French-Canadian trained nurse, cap and all, which appears on our coins, any change would be welcome; but why rout first the poor Indian from his last stronghold among us? Let us make a thoughtful and farsighted change. We would suggest for the gold pieces, Washington, the Maker of the Union; for the silver issues, Lincoln, the Keeper of the Union; but the wild Indian upon the copper cents should certainly be reserved for replacement, about fifty years hence, by the head of the great ex-Copper Roosevelt, the Upholder of the Unions and Tommyhawker of the Trusts—a slouch hat would look as fierce as the feathers and the Liberty on the band might appropriately be changed to (executive) License.

IDA: What's your idea of a properly furnished house?

ALICE: A dozen packs of cards and a nest of bridge tables.

Mathematics

IN a cruder generation the study of mathematics doubtless brought about a certain enlargement of the mind, but their unyielding precision renders them unfit for the courses of modern schools, where broad effects are aimed at.

For instance, mathematics tend to possess a child with the notion that two and two make four, regardless of the social, political or financial standing of the parties concerned; this only burdens him with more troublesome illusions, to be shaken off by hard experience.

Better those humanities which (though it should be in virtue of their complete irrelevancy to the life of to-day) create no awkward prejudices.

Ramsey Benson.

Drilling for "The Seventeenth"

DRILL INSTRUCTOR CASEY: Now, min, yez will take one stip to the rare, thin one to the front, thin one to the rare agin, an' yez'll be as yez were before yez were as yez are now!

MISTRESS: Here, Bridget, are a pair of trousers for you.

SCRUBWOMAN: Thank ye, kindly, mum. Do ye happen to have a pair of corsets for me husband?

• LIFE •

O'Roosevelt



COME all ye bra-ave Irishmin an' shpeed
this man av might;
Though Dutch may be th' name av him
he's somethin' in a fight!
An' so, bedad! we'll change his name;
we'll link it wid an O'—
O'Roosevelt he shall be called wheriver
he may go.
O'Roosevelt! O'Roosevelt!
Gev blows th' more th' blows he felt—
An' how do you suppose he felt?
Why, man dear! Sure, that shows he felt—
Himsilf to be O'Roosevelt!

Sure, life to him is just wan long an'
gran' old Irish fair
Wid ribs to crack an' hids to whack,
an' not a rap to care!
A shquare dale an' a fair dale to all
comers, high or low—
So lave th' Dutch av him alone an' fit it wid an O'.
O'Roosevelt! O'Roosevelt!
Th' Sinate—sure is knows he felt!

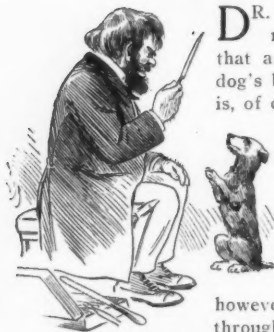
Th' San Franciscan woes he felt—
Why, man dear! Sure, that shows he felt
Himsilf to be O'Roosevelt!

Th' good Lord loves a fightin' man an' gives him fightin' space;
F'r cinturies an' cinturies there's ben wan fightin' race
That tuk th' right an' med it right, an' niver ducked a blow—
So christen Teddy wance again an' lave him have an O'!
O'Roosevelt! O'Roosevelt!
He's shows th' wrath God knows he felt
Whin underhanded blows he felt.
From finger tips to toes he felt
Himsilf to be O'Roosevelt!

Come all ye bra-ave Irishmin an' jine in this farwell:
"O'Roosevelt, ye're seekin' lands where manny dangers dwell;
May gyardian angels be wid ye wheriver ye may go—
An' ye will kape thim busy now ye've taken on an O'!"
O'Roosevelt! O'Roosevelt!
Gev blow f'r blow whin blows he felt—
An' how do ye suppose he felt?
Why, man dear! Sure that shows he felt
Himsilf to be O'Roosevelt!

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Echoes from the Halls of Agony



DR. PAYNE SHARPE, after cutting up the
requisite number of dogs, has discovered
that a hen's lung can be transplanted into a
dog's brain with no damage to the hen. That
is, of course, no immediate damage. The dogs
all enjoyed the operation—according
to Dr. Sharpe.

Dr. Squarejaw Jones is no sickly
sentimentalist. His contempt for
anti-vivisectionists is too strong for
proper expression in any known lan-
guage. "Science first," says Jones.
"If we can get a new fact in science,
however useless, by putting a thousand dogs
through the agonies of hell, why not do it?"

Dr. Fylth von Seeram goes further yet. He finds charity
patients—when there are no relatives to kick up a row—more
satisfactory than either dogs, monkeys or rabbits. It was
Dr. von Seeram, by the way, whose cures for cancer have
created such profound interest in medical circles.

In the Halls of Agony great faith exists in the new serum
recently discovered by Dr. Pynchon Cutt. It cures every-
thing. He has tried it on some hundreds of animals and the
results are more than encouraging. In almost every case
the cure was instantaneous. The subsequent death of the
animals from a combination of entirely new diseases is not
only interesting but is considered of great value to experi-
menters.

Dr. Mohr Blood has no patience with this rising opposition
to experiments on live animals. The public, he says, are
mislead by sentiment. Some people, he asserts, go so far as
to prefer having their own dogs at home, instead of on the
operating tables at the Rockefeller Institute.

FIGHT, and the world fights with you; run, and you go it
alone.

A Great Mistake

MCCAFFERTY: An' have yez heard of these preachers
who are goin' 'round to our saloons invitin' th' saloon
keepers t' come out t' the revival meetin's?

POLICEMAN MURPHY: Yis, an' it's wrong they are. I don't
believe in this mixin' av churrrch an' schtate.

Rank and File

MRS. CAMPTOWN: Tell your captain I'd like the pleasure
of his company to a dance next Friday evening.

CORPORAL GINNIS: Oi will, maam, but Oi'm afraid some
of 'em can't dance.



"THE DAY WE (THE MURPHYS) CELEBRATE"



HARRISON CADY

IF ST. PATRICK HAD ONLY BEEN IN THE GARDEN

Modern

The romance has gone out of the American girl's life.—
From an interview with a high literary lady.

SCENE: A reception room. A young fellow and a young girl are standing near each other. There is a phonograph playing in the distance and the sound of voices, indicating that they have just happened to meet in there.

HE: How was it over in London?

SHE: Beastly. Awfully glad to get back. What have you been doing with yourself?

HE: Working like a slavey at the office. Still I have managed to get to a week ender or two. But my golf game has gone rotten. How's yours?

SHE: So so. I've been out of condition for ever so long. Motoring makes one lazy.

HE: Say!

SHE: What's up?

HE: Oh nothing sudden, nothing to get woozy about. But I was thinking that we might hit it off somehow. What do you say?

SHE: Nonsense, Harry. You're a ripping sort, of course, and we always have been pals, but we'd be lining up against each other all the time—after the first six months.

HE: I'm not so sure of that. I am a pleasant boy as they go. You never saw me ruffled.

SHE (reflectively): Well, no, you're cheerful, and that's a great point. It would seem strange, wouldn't it?

HE: Well, rather! But it's the novelty of the thing that appeals to me. And then, by Jove, Helen, girlie, you are a stunner, you know. And you wear such decent clothes. You're all to the good.

SHE: I never knew you to be sentimental, Harry! You're not going soft, are you?

HE: On the level, no. But it's business to tie up to a girl like you. We'd make a grand team, and as for the oof—

SHE: Oh, that doesn't matter. We could scrape along. I never bother about that any more. One can put up at a camp in the summer, and amusements are so cheap. Besides, one doesn't have to play bridge for cash any more. But Harry, dear, it does seem funny, doesn't it? Think of me putting your dressing sack over the radiator. Think of me asking you for an extra tenner on account of an old college chum to dinner!

HE: Ha! Think of me toasting my toes in worsted slip-



THIS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE RESTAURANTS "WITH MUSIC"!



WHERE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

pers before the cannel coal. Think of me carving the duck every Sunday—

SHE: Oh, we wouldn't have it every Sunday, you goose!

HE: Well, it's only a fancy. But it does seem strange, doesn't it? And, yet, why not?

SHE: I can't quite get used to the idea.

HE: Make a stab at it. Dwell on it. I say—how would it do for me to kiss you?

SHE: How absurd!

HE: That's all right, but it might help. Do you mind?

SHE: Not if you don't. But it seems so awfully rummy, don't you know.

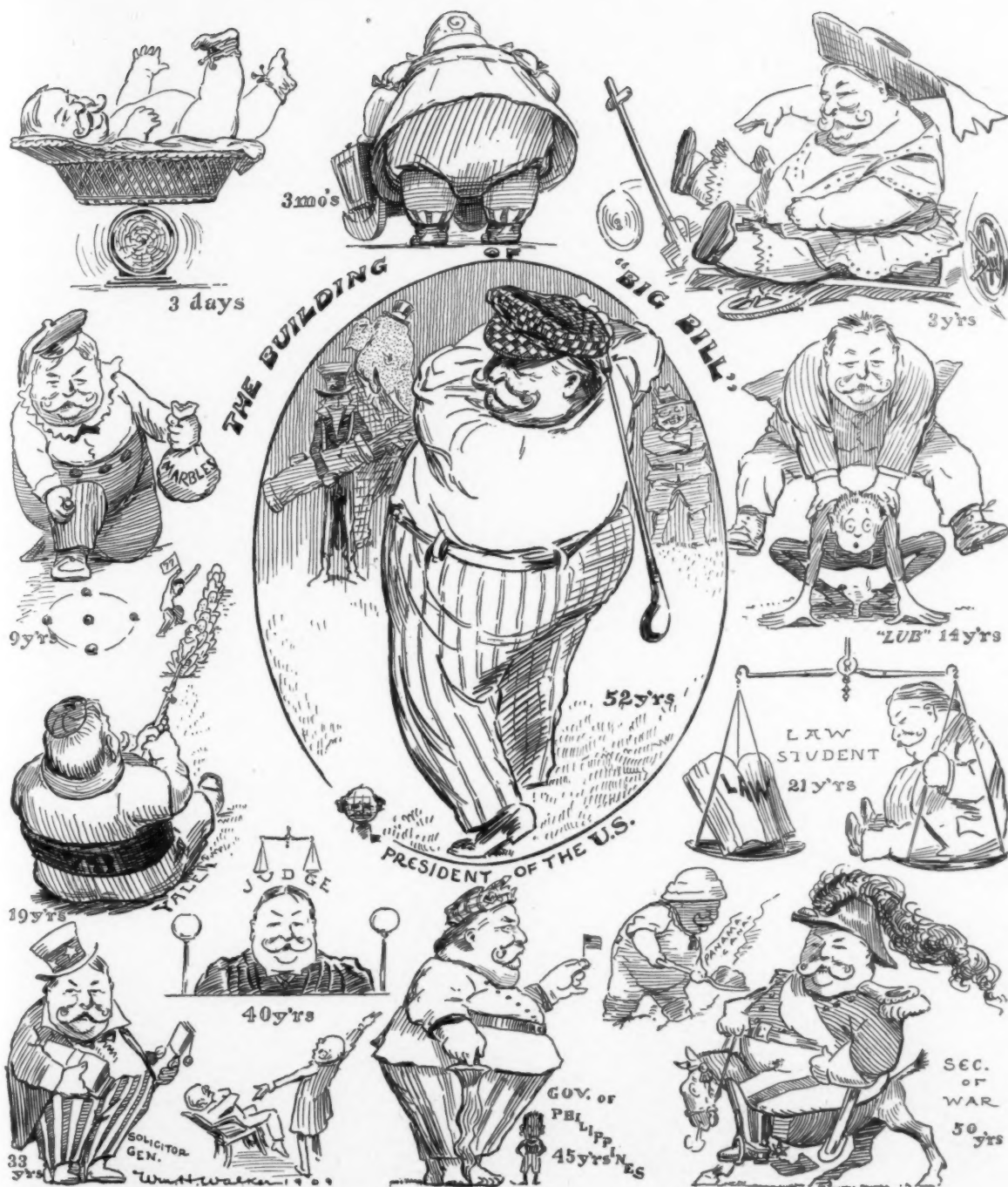
HE: Oh well, here goes! (kisses her).

(There is a silence. She is reflecting. He is waiting for her to adjust herself.)

SHE (looking up thoughtfully at last): Do you know, old chap, there may be something after all in what you were saying. (Voices grow nearer. They are about to be interrupted.) At any rate, we'll think it over, won't we?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE: What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing?

MRS. OLDONE: I always say first, "Have you ever lived with me before."



An Important Scientific Investigation

AIDED BY THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE

When T. R.'s expedition comes back from Congo's banks,
The people of this country will give him hearty thanks
For he's going to determine, beyond the shadow of a doubt,
The whereabouts of Moses when the light went out.



In the Penitential Season

JUST as churchmen have their Lent, which is supposed to be a period devoid of enjoyment, so at the same season of the year, in the ending winter and early spring, theatre-goers encounter a time when mortification of the spirit is prescribed for them by their managerial pastors and masters. It comes when the early successes of the year are ending their runs and when it is yet too soon to put on the attractions that are expected to run up to the hot-weather closings. At this time almost anything that has financial backing can get a hearing on Broadway, and the rapidly changing bills evidence only too often the mistaken judgment of both producers and backers.

A Glaring Example

One of these which will have ended its New York career very shortly was Mr. Louis Anspacher's "A Woman of Impulse," notable chiefly for bringing Kathryn Kidder back to the stage, after an absence of several years. Mr. Anspacher has for a long time been a lecturer on the ancient and modern drama and on stage literature. His play was curiously



enough not at all literary in quality, and was theatrical rather than dramatic. Its basis was an ingenious complication caused by the simultaneous confession to murder by three different persons, each of whom was innocent, although as one of them had in fact assaulted the unfortunate deceased he was technically and legally guilty. A complaisant coroner solved the mystery and gave everyone a clean bill of health with a speediness which made what was intended to be a serious scene evoke smiles and audible laughter from the audience. On the other hand the intended humorous scenes failed to arouse merriment. Except for a clever bit by Katherine Emmett as a French maid and the excellent technique displayed by Kathryn Kidder as the heroine, the work of the cast was worse than commonplace.

The fate of "A Woman of Impulse" is not of great importance except as again showing the inability of many persons who claim expertness about the theatre to tell in advance of its performance whether a play has acting and entertaining value. This inability of experts to judge the merits of a play from the manuscript, or from the early rehearsals, is a mys-



"NEW MOWN HAY IS A DELIGHTFUL PERFUME. WE SELL LOTS OF IT."

"HAVEN'T YOU SOMETHING WITH A GASOLINE ODOR? I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I OWN A MOTOR CAR, NOT A HORSE."

tery. It would be a mercy to every one concerned if in such cases the public was invariably given the benefit of the doubt.

Another One Somewhat Different

IN "The Richest Girl" we have a play that has been thoroughly tried out on the road and brought in just now as a stop-gap, perhaps with the vague hope that New York's always uncertain public might find in it something to give it a run. The heroine is the spoilt daughter of a millionaire chocolate manufacturer, and has absolutely no idea of the value of money, and as portrayed by Marie Doro, not many ideas of any kind. Marie Doro has beauty—great beauty of the eyes and their expression—but she is woefully miscast as a comedienne on whose shoulders are placed the responsibility for the success of a four-act French farce. If the farce were a good one, which it decidedly is not, the leading part would not be suited for an actress whose forte is considerably more in the field of pathos and gentleness than in that of very boisterous—we were about to say fun—but, unfortunately, "The Richest Girl" is a farce practically devoid of fun. Marie Doro tries hard enough and her personality is charming, but like Mr. Orrin Johnson and all the others in a not noteworthy cast she cannot make bricks without straw.

Judging by some things that gain success in New York



A MILLINERY OPENING

the intelligence of its playgoing public is none too great, but even New York audiences cannot be expected to patronize, even in the penitential season, such inanity as "The Richest Girl."

A Former Favorite Back Again

There may be some who did not see "Brewster's Millions" during its long up-town run. They now have the opportunity at the Academy of Music, and its breezy fun is worth the trip to that ancient temple of the dramatic and operatic muses. In times when not all of us are blessed with untold wealth it is pleasant to see the miseries of one cursed with its possession and the necessity of spending it.

Mr. Abeles, who interprets the leading character, is an excellent comedian, but his support is evidently of the kind that helps to make profitable in a money way the road tours of New York successes.

N. B. Practical socialists will find some valuable hints in Mr. Montgomery Brewster's demonstrations of the methods that may be employed by millionaires intending to bring themselves down to the condition of the man in the bread-line. Messrs. Stokes, Hunter, Brisbane and others will find Mr. Brewster's leveling process a very definite one, and, if they will witness the play, may find suggestions for some really practical legislation to be applied to rich men and their fortunes.

Lost—Two Kopecks Reward

One kopeck reward will be paid for the return to the Theatrical Managers' Association of Greater New York of one perfectly good crusade against the street speculators in theatre tickets. When last seen this crusade was somewhere between the safe of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and the inside office of the Hon. Timothy Drydollar Sullivan. It is suspected that the New York Board of Aldermen know something of its where-

abouts, and any alderman returning it safely to the Managers' Association will receive an additional reward and no questions asked.

One kopeck reward will be paid for a hysterical spasm of virtue lately running at large in the columns of the New York daily press. It has disappeared completely and no traces of it can be found. It is perfectly harmless and no one need be in fear of it. Finder will please address Miss Innocence, care of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, Proprietors of The New York Theatre.

The Sheep and the Goats

IN LIFE'S "Confidential Guide" the plays at certain theatres will be found under a new sub-head, "Not for the Young Person." This distinction means nothing more than what it says, and is made in deference to suggestions from those who consult the guide. It is not made to be in any way a commentary on the artistic qualities of the performances, and in the classification will not be included any attractions which do not obviously belong there. Some extremists might hold that all the comic operas and burlesques should fall under the description, but it would seem as though the semi-undressed young female person has become such a conventionalized institution that she has lost the power for evil attributed to her by the pulpit in the days of "The Black Crook." She may not be art, but she has become innocuous through general familiarity with her alleged charms. The classification will be based on outright indecency or on a too frank discussion of subjects in which most parents do not care to have their young persons educated through the medium of the stage.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"Brewster's Millions." See opposite.

Astor—"The Man from Home." The apparently sempiternal and amusing demonstration that Indiana is as clever as Europe.

Belasco—"The Fighting Hope." Blanche Bates and good cast in interesting drama of contemporary life.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." Laughable and well-acted drama based on Washington official life.

Broadway—"A Stubborn Cinderella." Musical comedy of the stereotyped kind.

Casino—"Havana." Musical comedy imported from London. Mr. James T. Powers and the dainty "Hello, People" octette.

Criterion—Marie Doro in "The Richest Girl." See opposite.

Daly's—Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason." Well-acted drama of the French Terror in verse.

Empire—"What Every Woman Knows."

Mr. Barrie's witty and satirical comedy of Scotch character.

Garden—"Meyer and Son." The Jewish intermarriage question not very ably treated.

Garrick—"The Patriot." Featherweight comedy enlivened by Mr. William Collier's fun.

Hackett—Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Very pleasant comedy very well done.

Herald Square—Bertha Galland in "The Return of Eve." Notice later.

Hippodrome—Air-ships, ballet and circus. All good.

Hudson—"The Third Degree." Absorbing drama of New York life admirably acted by good company headed by Helen Ware.

Majestic—"The Three Twins." Musical farce with diverting features.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand opera served a la Hammerstein.

Savoy—"The Battle." Mr. Wilton Lackaye presenting the negative argument in the socialistic debate.

Wallack's—"Votes for Women." Notice later.

NOT FOR THE YOUNG PERSON

Circle—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Vulgar musical farce.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." Laughable farce adapted from the German by Mr. Clyde Fitch.

Masine Elliott's Theatre—"This Woman and This Man." Frank discussion of sex problem well presented in dramatic form by Carlotta Nillson and good company.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." Well acted and interesting portrayal of New York's demi-world.

Weber's—"The Girl from Rector's." Not very amusing effort to be naughty.

Notice

TO "LIFE'S" CALIFORNIA READERS.—The News Companies' entire California shipment of LIFE for March fourth was destroyed by fire in a train wreck. The issue is exhausted for the present, but later on readers who require copies to complete their files will be able to secure them from their newsdealers or from this office.



Elle etait une Millionnaire-esse
(She came from Chicago, I guess),
Car une Cotelette de Porc
That she ate in New York
Ne lui fait que pleurer de tendresse!

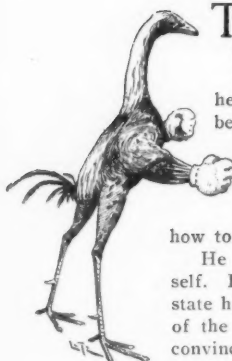


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Being Imposed Upon



TO be imposed upon or not—that is the question.

There is no middle course.

If one elects not to be imposed upon, then he must strip himself for the fray. He must be prepared at every hour of the day and night.

He must hire a lawyer, and get together a suitable and sufficient bank account. It will also be well for him to take boxing lessons, to practice pistol shooting, and to learn how to fence.

He must learn, also, the art of expressing himself. He will find that it is frequently necessary to state his side of the affair—usually to the president of the company. To do this he must be eloquent, convincing, and good tempered. He must also be persistent.

A few rules should be observed.

Always go to headquarters. If, for example, you are made to stand up in a railroad car, and the conductor comes along for your ticket, you will of course refuse to pay him unless you have a seat. In some cases you will get your seat. In others you will continue to stand, but the conductor will not insist on your paying your fare. In others, he will use insulting language. As soon, therefore, as you get off the train, call up the president of the road, and arrange for a personal interview. Get the thing published in the papers. Publicity is your great ally.

If a carpenter does some work on your house, and charges you twice as much as he told you he would, refuse to pay. If he sues you, sue him back. Keep it up, but never be imposed upon.

Or—and this is important—*be* imposed upon. Buy worry. Consider that the personal annoyance which a protest will cause you is worth more than the price of peace. Pay all bills without a murmur, and let the other fellow reap his reward, what ever it may be.

By doing this you are, of course, encouraging crime. You are practically making it easier to establish a standard of conduct whereby honest men come to be more scarce every day. But you are doing the right thing by yourself. You are, at least, preserving your own forces, conserving your powers.

By systematically permitting yourself to be imposed upon you are really placing yourself in a position where you can pay for the impositions without inconvenience. By refusing to be imposed upon, you lose more energy than you gain by obtaining justice—assuming that you always do attain justice, which is extremely improbable.

If it were possible to avoid those who impose upon us, all would be well. The second time we could quietly inform them that we had made other arrangements. Unfortunately, however, we cannot do this. We are still obliged to use the same railroads. We may change carpenters, or painters, but as many times as we change them we shall find that their characteristics are always the same. Thus it happens that we have no choice.

Learning to be imposed upon easily and gracefully and smilingly is, indeed, one of the lessons we must acquire. The increased leisure and freedom from friction that it gives us will enable us to improve our moral fibre so much in other directions as to offset any loss which may accrue from yielding to the enforced imposition.

Besides, we really have no responsibility so far as others are concerned. If they pick up their livings by imposing upon us systematically, that is their own funeral. Verily, they shall meet their reward.
T. L. M.

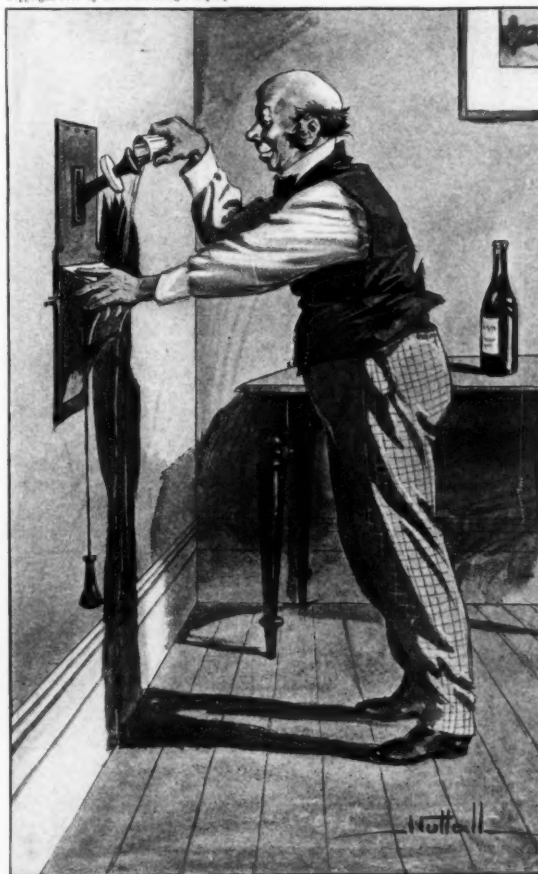
Universal Languages

THERE is a new entry in the Universal Language Sweepstakes. The name is Ildo. The other notable entries are Esperanto, Alwato, Apolema, Langue Bleue, Bolak, Dil, Lengua Catolica, Dreizeichen Sprache, Idiom Neutral, Lingualumina, Mondlinguo, Nov-Latin, Spokil, Spelin, Ro, Sound-English, Tutonish, Universal, Volapuk, and the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board, besides a large number of also rans.

Indeed, the manufacturing of universal languages has become a flourishing industry. Like the lady who was so rich that she could afford to have a porte-cochere in each room, we shall probably continue until we have a universal language for each country with marked dialectical variations for the convenience of those writers who try to conceal a poor story with worse diction.
Ellis O. Jones.

A BUSY handshaker is generally a tireless leg puller.

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Mary's Wedding

A Maryland man recently married off his fourth daughter, the ceremonies touching whose wedding were given much attention by the "society editors" of the country papers in that region.

A week or two after the wedding a friend who had been north for some time met the father, to whom he made some jocular references in regard to the recent "event." "I see by one paper," said he, "that Mary's wedding 'well nigh beggared description.'"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that, but I do know it well nigh beggared me!"—Lippincott's.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, according to the *Figaro*, tells a story of an experience with a Parisian cabby. Coming up from the Riviera, he took a cab at the Gare de Lyon and drove to his hotel, where he tipped the driver substantially. "Merci, Monsieur Conan Doyle," said the coacher, to the astonishment of Sir Arthur, who asked how on earth he knew his name. "Voici," said the cabby, "I read in the papers that Sir Doyle was to arrive in Paris from Nice, after stopping at Marseilles and Lyons on the way. Now, I noted that you had your hair cut at Marseilles, and that you had Lyons mud still

on your shoes. Therefore, you must be Sir Doyle." The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" was more amazed than ever. "Do you mean to say that was all the evidence you had to go upon?" "Well, to be honest, no," answered the cabby, "I also saw your name written on your box."—Bellman.



"WATHER, WATHER EVERYWHERE AN' NOT WAN
DHROP T' DHRINK."

Small Evidence

"Poor chap! Everything he earns goes on his wife's back."

"Well, if you had seen her at the opera you wouldn't think he earned much."—Brooklyn Life.

Two of a Kind

A distinguished specialist in Washington was called upon a week or two ago by an eminent government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician, after an examination, "is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became real peevisish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife!"—Lippincott's.

Real Cold

An American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold weather we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that!"

"I know that," replied the tale pitcher. "But the law of gravity was frozen, too!"—Tit-Bits.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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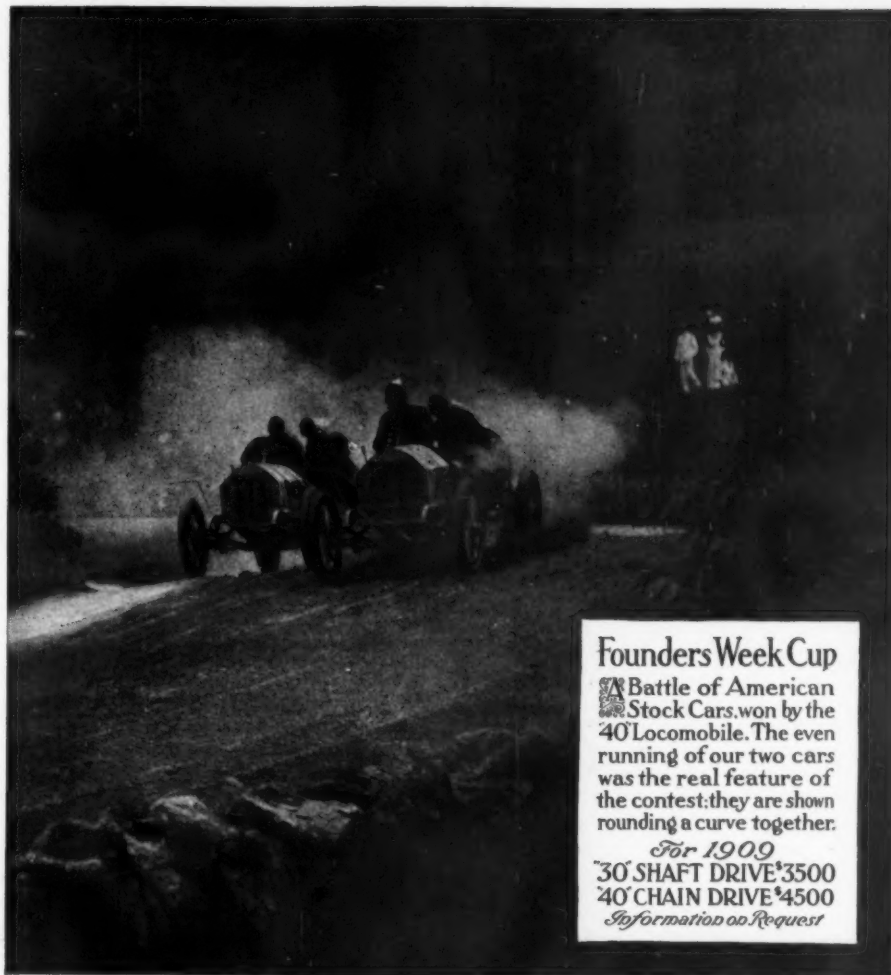
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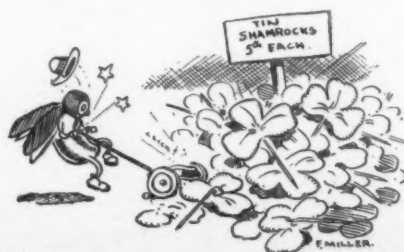
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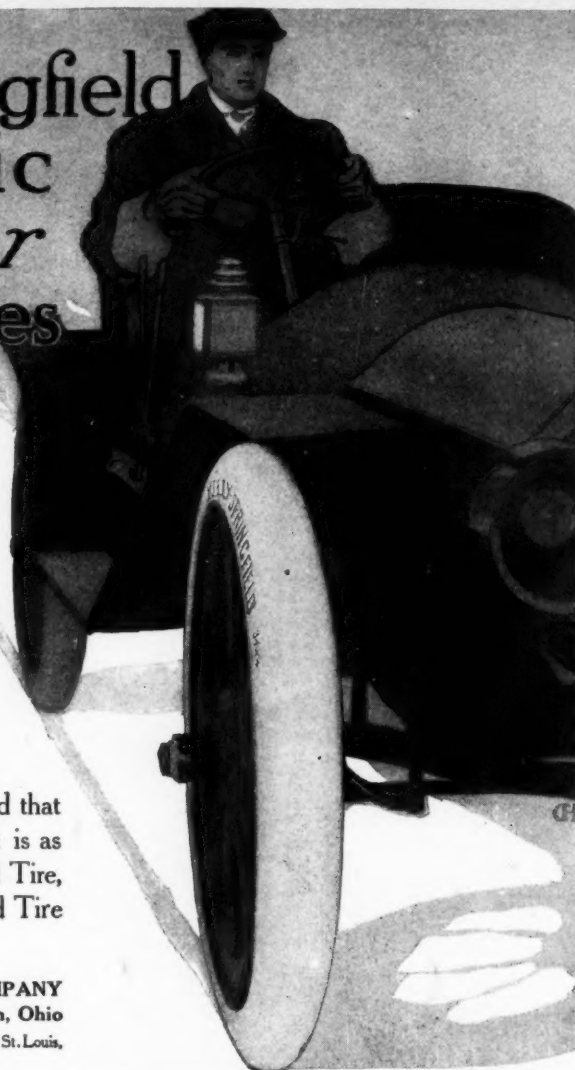
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He Was Under Oath

The late Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, was the most eminent physicist since the days of Joseph Henry. Among his notable achievements in the realm of pure science was the calculation of the mechanical equivalent of heat and the use of gratings in spectrum analysis, for which purpose he devised a machine that could cut 40,000 lines to the inch on a plate of polished metal. In the practical application of his knowledge he was noted as the inventor of the multiplex telegraph apparatus.

Some years ago, testifying in a case involving the Cataract Power Company, in answer to a question on cross examination as to who, in his opinion, was the greatest American scientist, he replied, "I am."

After leaving the courtroom one of the lawyers ventured to criticise this answer for its effect upon the jury, whereupon Rowland exclaimed: "Well, what else could I say? Wasn't I under oath?"—*New York Globe*.

Appropriate Binding

HOKES: Jones is a stupendous egotist; he's completely wrapped up in himself.
JOKES: Huh! Bound in calf.—*Lippincott's*.

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When He Markets for the Zoo

Where the oryx roams the jungle,
And the kleeen'boe runneth free;
Where the kahau climbs the wungle,
And the zikzak turns to flee,
There is where the nimrod mighty
With the Afric game will strive,
While he checks their progress flighty
And then catches 'em alive!
He'll outrun the swiftest critter,
He'll outjump the winkaroo;
He will prove the zark a quitter,
As he markets for the zoo.
There'll be howling in the jungle
As they duck and dodge and dive,
But from oryx down to wungle
He will catch 'em all alive!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tonsorial Note

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said barber to a customer.
"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair.
"It wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly, sir," said the barber.
—*Democratic Telegram*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

The Last Straw

Frank Daniels, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring the provinces. Business had been poor and the company had become a luxury. It was only the charming knowledge that the new opera house at Ticonderoga, N. Y., had been almost sold out for their performance that kept them together.

"Wait until we get to Ticonderoga," the manager would say to any one who faintly suggested the price of a breakfast.

Finally they did reach Ticonderoga. It was eventide, and a rosy glow illumined the western sky.

"Ah, me," sighed Daniels to the stage driver. "The sun may set in other places, but never it does here. Behold yon—"

"Sunset!" growled the driver. "Sunset—That's the opy house burnin' down."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE"

SAYS THE MANAGER—"Vice is a monster such hideous mien—" "That it only may be reproduced and the success of your play is assured."—*Cleveland Leader*.

MANY persons possess ability to write short story of Courage. Few men can achieve the long treatise of Fortitude.—*Herbert's Weekly*.

A Chance for All

There was little doubt in the minds of those who were invited to the wedding of Augustus Clay Johnson and Chloe Matilda Baker as to the cordiality of the invitation. It was duly printed, and read as follows:

You are invited to attend the marriage of Augustus Clay Johnson and Miss Chloe Matilda Baker at the house of the bride's mother, who cannot come may send.—*Youth's Companion*.



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"AH, BUT HE IS A FINE ADDITION TO OUR POLO TEAM!"

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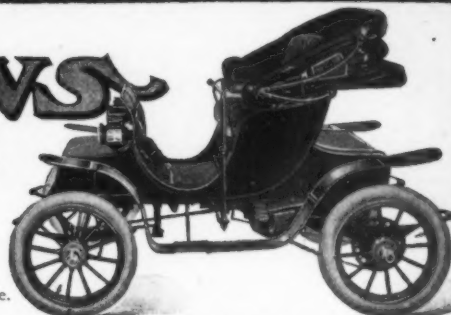
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John Storm. *Hall Caine*. Christian.
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Dr. Lavender. *Margaret Deland*. Dr. Lavender and His People.
Merry and Cherry. *Dickens*. Martin Chuzzlewit.
Pony Baker. *W. D. Howells*. Flight of Pony Baker.
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Mr. Rochester. *Brontë*. Jane Eyre.
Edward Manisty. *Mrs. Ward*. Eleanor.
Mr. Aladdin. *Wiggins*. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.
Lily Bart. *Edith Wharton*. House of Mirth.
Pomona. *Stockton*. Rudder Grange.
The White Rabbit. *Dodgson*. Through the Looking-Glass.
Meg Merrilies. *Scott*. Guy Mannering.
Panurge. *Rabelais*. Pantagruel.
Mrs. Deborah Primrose. *Goldsmith*. Vicar of Wakefield.
Hester Prynne. *Hawthorne*. Scarlet Letter.
Simon Pure. *Mrs. Centilivre*. A Bold Stroke for a Wife.
Rigolette. *Sue*. Mysteries of Paris.
Rogue Guinart. *Cervantes*. Don Quixote.
Quasimodo. *Hugo*. Hunchback of Notre Dame.
Donatello. *Hawthorne*. Marble Faun.
Bishop Proudie. *Trollope*. Barchester Towers.
Hefty Burke. *R. H. Davis*. In several short stories.
Corp. Barrie. *Sentimental Tommy*.
Prince D'Jama. *Sue*. Wandering Jew.
Orthrus. *Kipling*. In several stories.
Jack Hamlin. *Bret Harte*. A Protegée of Jack Hamlin's.
Roma. *Hall Caine*. Eternal City.
Autolycus. *Shakespeare*. Winter's Tale.
Tommy Merton. *Thomas Day*. Sandford and Meriton.
Charlie Steele. *Gilbert Parker*. Right of Way.
Corporal Trim. *Sterne*. Tristram Shandy.
Di (or Die) Vernon. *Scott*. Rob Roy.
Arthur Dinnithorne. *George Eliot*. Adam Bede.
Sir Amyas Leigh. *Kingsley*. Westward Ho!
Claude Melnotte. *Bulwer*. Lady of Lyons.
Hetty Sorel. *George Eliot*. Adam Bede.
Jean Valjean. *Hugo*. Les Misérables.
Dominie Sampson. *Scott*. Guy Mannering.
Pantagruel. *Rabelais*. Gargantua.
Mrs. Grundy. *Morton*. Speed the Plough.
Miss Howe. *Clarissa Harlowe*. Richardson.
Mrs. Malaprop. *Sheridan*. Rivals.
Bob Acres. *Sheridan*. Rivals.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek. *Shakespeare*. Twelfth Night.
Abasuerus. *Sue*. Wandering Jew.
Brian de Bois-Guilbert. *Scott*. Ivanhoe.
Tom Bowling. *Smollett*. Roderick Random.
Brodding-nag. *Swift*. Gulliver's Travels.

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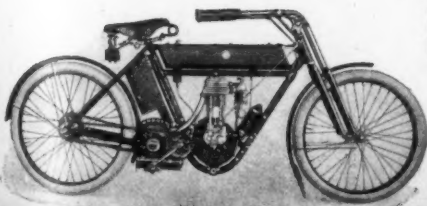
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Leeby. *Barrie*. Window in Thrums.
Taffy. *Du Maurier*. Trilby.
Robert Clay. *R. H. Davis*. Soldiers of Fortune.
Judy Smallweed. *Dickens*. Bleak House.
Lady from Philadelphia. *Mrs. Hale*. Peterkin Papers.
Samuel Slick. *Thomas C. Haliburton*. The Clock-maker.
Lovelace. *Richardson*. Clarissa Harlowe.
Sophia. *Fielding*. Tom Jones.
Sir Patrick Rackett. *M. Edgeworth*. Castle Rackrent.
Nora. *Ibsen*. Doll's House.
Miss Matty. *Gaskell*. Cranford.
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Character of Adam and the Rest of Us

"We all partake of Father Adam's folly and knavery, who first ate the apple like a sot and then turned reformer like a scoundrel."—*Lady*

The first Derby made in America was a
C. & K.
HATS FOR MEN



KNAPP-FELT hats are made in a variety of smart shapes. **KNAPP-FELT DeLuxe** hats are Six Dollars. **KNAPP-FELTS** are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for the Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
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SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

To contributors: In cases where duplicates are sent in, if the contribution is accepted the first one received is printed. Each contribution is paid for at the rate of one dollar. A large number of contributions to this department have been rejected because they were all quotations from the same author. Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin, Carlyle and Charles Lamb seem to be the favorite sources. Our correspondents should bear in mind that quotations from obvious authors, or from others who are already over-quoted in many anthologies and reference books, are not so desirable as quotations from out of the way sources. No contribution should be over four hundred words.

Habit

One would like here to pause, while our worthy ancient feeds, and indulge in a short essay on Habit, to show what a sacred and admirable thing it is that makes flimsy Time sub-

"Let us dwell in peace"

says

Evans' Ale

to the rest of the meal, and man benefits by the agreement.

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, - Est. 1786 - Hudson, N. Y.

stantial, and consolidates his triple life. It is proof that we have come to the end of dreams and Time's delusions, and are determined to sit down at Life's feast and carve for ourselves. Its day is the child of yesterday, and has a claim on to-morrow. Whereas those who have no such plan of existence and sum of their wisdom to show, the winds blow them as they list. Consider, then, mercifully the wrath of him on whom carelessness or forgetfulness has brought a snap in the links of Habit. You incline to scorn him because, his slippers misplaced, or asparagus not on the table the first day of a particular spring month, he gazes blankly and sighs as one who saw the End. To you it may appear small. You call to him to be a man. He is; but he is also an immortal, and his confidence in unceasing orderly progression is rudely dashed.—George Meredith—Evan Harrington, chapter viii.

A Wonderful Invention of the Seventeenth Century

"Sir Richard Bulkeley described to us a model of a chariot he had invented, which it was not possible to overthrow in what ever uneven way it was drawn, giving us a wonderful relation of what it had performed in that kind, for ease, expedition and safety; there were some inconveniences yet to be remedied—it would not contain more than one person; was ready to take fire every ten miles, and being placed on no fewer than ten rollers, it made a prodigious noise, almost intolerable. A remedy was to be sought for these inconveniences."—Diary of John Evelyn, Vol. 2, page 242. Under date of Oct. 28, 1685.

CALOX
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder
Prevents Decay
Dentists advise its use.
All Druggists, 25 Cents.
Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.
McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York.

The Wisdom of Saadi

Two persons took trouble in vain and used fruitless endeavors—he who acquired wealth without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom without practicing it. How much so ever you may study science, when you do not act wisely you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned; what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books.—From the Gulistan of Musle-Huddeen Sheik Saadi, Twelfth Century.

Old Italian Proverbs

Traditional.

An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers.

Three things are well done in haste: flying from the plague, escaping quarrels and catching flees.

Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

I once had, is a poor man.

He who gives fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

Three little things make a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame and little honesty.

Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

(Continued on page 377)

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

YOUR DISCREET FRIENDS KNOW how readily traces of cigarettes are removed from the lips by chewing Chiclets.

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The Best Bitter Liqueur
Underberg
The World's Best Bitters
Have you indigestion, or do you lack appetite? Underberg is the surest help.
Sold Everywhere.
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U. S. Agents New York

It may subject, den's definition that man, is no good writing a propri the subject I am apt wit that e never wa thoughts a author has only appea with any one, I am poet, but Virgil a n Ovid or M

The area of habitua with way smoothed each other the same week; and month, an wakening c as we un gentle mov spiration When we t most part between th They shift relations to up new su ment is ca rounded an th pebbled stationary a fare.—Olive ript.

Of all th eddilis, I v cate—prince I speak n ween pig a young and t guiltless as of the amor of the first not broken,

25 Cts

Worth

given. on man

THE J

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 376)

Of Wit

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 62.

Consciousness

The area of consciousness is covered by layers of habitual thoughts, as a sea-beach is covered with wave-worn, rounded pebbles, shaped, smoothed and polished by long attrition against each other. These thoughts remain very much the same from day to day, even from week to week; and as we grow older, from month to month, and from year to year. The tides of awakening consciousness roll in upon them daily as we unclothe our eyelids, and keep up the gentle movement and murmur of ordinary mental respiration until we close them again in slumber. When we think we are thinking we are for the most part only listening to the sound of attrition between those inert elements of our intelligence. They shift their places a little, they change their relations to each other, they roll over and turn up new surfaces. Now and then a new fragment is cast in among them, to be worn and rounded and take its place with the others, but the pebbled floor of consciousness is almost as stationary as the pavement of a city thoroughfare.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in *Over the Teacups*.

Roast Pig

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditie*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childsh

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The Man with the Fountain Pen

can't afford to lose it when he can get a

Klymax
German Silver for 10 cts
Rolled Gold for 25 cts.



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Slips over the cap and clamps the pen to the pocket. The only clip in which spring doesn't weaken from use. If not found at stationer's, sent by mail on receipt of price.

Please give stationer's name and address.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.

192 Farrand St., Bloomfield, N. J.

Give size of pen.



treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *praeludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawney, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O, call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.—From "The Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.

Judicious Flattery

Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty; upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed her face she thinks counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is of all women the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.—Lord Chesterfield, *Letters*.

Professional Courtesy

"What do you lawyers mean by 'professional courtesy?'"

"Passing a rich client down the line."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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Cts.

LOW-COST SUBURBAN HOMES

A book of 90 plans and photographs of houses that have been built at costs ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000.

Designed by Leading Architects

Each plan is of a house actually built and is accompanied by photographs of the finished house. In most cases the cost is given. Houses of frame, stone, brick, cement, shingle, stucco of many kinds, and on many sorts of lots, are included.

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Publishers of "House and Garden" the Illustrated Monthly Magazine.



O WOMAN!

In our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But seen too oft, familiar with her face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace—

March 25th, 1909,

this is the date of LIFE'S next issue, and this number will be devoted to the absorbing and more or less entrancing subject of woman's rights.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

NUMBER

That reminds us of a story. Miss Wilberforce, one of the early champions of woman's rights in England, once made an eloquent plea before a British audience. When she had finished, the auditors rose as one woman—and shouted, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" She raised her hands and replied: "Miss Wilberforce if you will, but not forever, please!"

THAT ILLUSTRATES an important fact. Also an interesting moral. If you want to know more about it, you will be wise and get the next number of LIFE.

Colored Cover by Crosby. Centre page cartoon by Harry Dart, entitled, "When Women Vote." Fabulously funny. Then there is a story "The Beginning of a Cure" which brings out a certain point which all of us have thought about more or less. Also a new feature—the "What I Think" Page, in which even the editors of this paper differ among themselves.

Are you a subscriber to LIFE? Better do it now or you may miss the very thing you have been looking for.

Next Tuesday

Woman's Rights Number

Everywhere

COMING !

April 1. Easter Number. (Colored cover by Orson Lowell)

We cannot tell yet just how large this number will be. We make it our business (and yours) to be in touch with the times. New Ideas are flowing in upon us all the hours of the day. Easter brings with it a train of them. Pictures? The best yet. Witticisms? We should say Yes—from the trenchant epigram to the full-fledged dialogue. Forty pages (at least) of the brightest and best there is.

April 22. Woman's Number. (Colored cover by Clay)

No one but women will contribute to this number. Since we sent out our general invitation weeks ago, the ideas have been pouring in. Clever women everywhere have availed themselves of this opportunity to say the one thing they have long had in mind. The result? How can we say otherwise than that it is magnificent.

April 29. Health Number. (Colored cover by Kilvert)

No gloom here. Take this copy of LIFE after each meal and it will cure you of anything. All the latest fads exploited, pictorially and otherwise. Revels in richness. Warranted to cure the most advanced case of blues in ten minutes after taking.

May 6. Sportman's Number. (Colored cover by Crosby)

Are you a dead game sport? "It doesn't matter. This is the open season for good ideas, and our sporting editor has been out with his gun. You musn't miss it. Better than a vacation.

Other numbers coming are College Number, Flirt's Number, Book Number, and Chorus Girl's Number.

Order of issue subject to change.

Note that these are only a few of the special numbers coming.

Watch this page for announcements



A Decided Improvement

A story is told of a ready-witted clergyman who was attending at the regular meeting of ministers of his denomination. One of the preachers, in a very excited manner, and with strong indignation in his tones, demanded:

"What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and church dignitaries, rolling about in their carriages and living in their palatial residences?"

"Well," replied the witty clergyman, "I should think that he would have remarked that things in the church are decidedly looking up."—*The Wasp*.

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Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

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- How to stop cost leaks
- How to train and handle men
- How to get and hold a position
- How to advertise a business
- How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet. Send to System, Dept. 221-4, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill."

Turkish Hotel Rules

An interesting study of the habits and morals of a nation might be made, basing the researches wholly on hotel regulations. In "The Balkan Trail" Frederick Moore gives a copy of some rules which hang in gilded frames on the walls of each bedroom in the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre at Salonica. Here is a literal translation from the French version—there was also a Turkish and a Greek set:

1. Messieurs the voyagers who descend upon the hotel are requested to hand over to the management any money or articles of value they may have.
2. Those who have no baggage must pay every day, whereas those who have it may do so only once a week.
3. Political discussion and playing musical instruments are forbidden; also all noisy conversations.
4. It is permitted neither to play at cards nor at any other game of hazard.
5. Children of families and their servants should not walk about the rooms.
6. It is prohibited to present oneself outside one's room in a dressing-gown or other negligent costume.
9. Coffee, tea and other culinary preparations may not be prepared in the rooms or procured from outside, as the hotel furnishes everything one wants.
10. Voyagers to take their repast descend to the dining room, with the exception of invalids, who may do so in their rooms.
11. A double-bedded room pays double for itself, save in the case where the voyager declares that one bed may be let to another person. It is, however, forbidden to sleep on the floor.—*Youth's Companion*.

Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO
WITHOUT A BITE OR A REGRET.

The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.

1 1/4 oz. 40 cts.; 3 1/4 oz. 75c.; 1 1/2 lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price. FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write today. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

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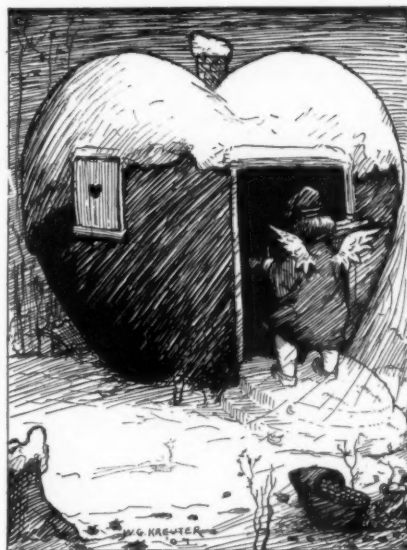
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For more than 50 years the standard skate has been the Winslow. It is made by the most skilled workmen, from the finest materials, in the largest skate plant in the world. All styles and prices. Please send for our new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

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Winslow's Ice Skates

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MADES, RECEPTION and EVENING FROCKS. MILLINERY. FURS



A Sex Difference

The van that brought the first load of furniture for the family moving in next door had as a passenger a small boy of about his own age. He welcomed the newcomer hospitably with:

"Hello!"
"Hello yourself!"
"Say, you've got red hair, too, ain't you?"
"Yes, so have you, ain't you, jes' like mine?"
"Do they ever call you 'Red'?"
"Umhum, and 'Reddie' and 'Redney.'"
"And 'Ginger'?"
"You bet, and 'Cedar.'"
"And 'Bricktop'?"
"Yes, and 'Sorreltop.'"
"Does your Uncle Bob say you're copper mounted?"

"I ain't got no Uncle Bob; but granddad says I've got brass fittin's."
"Ever call you 'Beets'?"
"No; but they call me 'Carrots' sometimes, cause I've got freckles, too. See?"

A pause.
"Say, have you got a sister?"
"No; have you?"
"Yes; but she's grown up. She wears long dresses, and has got a beau that comes to see her every Sunday evening."
"Has she got red hair, too?"
"Umhum, jes' like mine."
"What do they call her?"
"Aw, she's a auburn haired beauty!"—*Sunday Magazine*.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of an occasion when Lord Avebury had to undergo a surgical operation. His friends endeavored to persuade him to take chloroform. "No, thanks," he replied, "I would much rather be present at the operation."—*M. A. P.*



Highland Linen

is a dainty, fabric-finished writing paper which combines three great essentials; a finish which is fashionable, a writing surface which is practical and a price which is within reach of all.

The woman who is particular about her paper can find nothing which more nearly expresses refinement and good taste than this stylish, popular-priced paper.

There are several different sizes of sheets and several different kinds of envelopes—all correct.

CRANE'S Correct Social Stationery

CRANE'S LINEN LAWN is now offered in the three fashionable Paris colorings—Daybreak Pink, Willow Green and Orchid; shades that will predominate in this country this coming spring and summer. Ask your stationer to show you Highland Linen, also Crane's Linen Lawn in the new shades.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Chief Mourner

The minister had just been giving the class a lesson on the prodigal son. At the finish, to test what attention had been paid to the teaching, he asked:

"Who was sorry that the prodigal had returned?"

The most forward youngster in the class breathlessly answered:—

"The fatted calf."—*Home Herald.*

The Old Cry of "Wolf"

OFFICE BOY: I want to go to my grandmother's funeral.

EMPLOYER: I can't let you go, and I don't think you will be missed, anyway, as the last time she had a funeral there were fifteen thousand people there.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Don't trust the fellow who has a vacant look in a poker game. He generally has a full house.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, pat. Sept. 24, '07, Colors Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack; gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. L. Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E.C.



THE MAIDEN'S LAUGH

Topics of Conversation

The pet subjects of to-day seem to be as follows: Racing, stocks and shares, politics (in small quantities), chiffons, bridge, motors and motoring, with a word or two thrown in, according to taste, on art, music, books, newspapers, furniture, flowers and gardening. This up to date mixture is well spiced with current small talk on marriages, deaths, debts, diet cures and divorces of our dearest friends and acquaintances. Among forbidden themes are the weather, religion (except, perhaps, Christian Science), and such tame topics as husbands, babies, servants and other domestic details of a like character.—*The Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart, in Black and White.*



We Concur

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—The delicate weapon of humor which you so wisely wield is a greater balancing force than you dream. Life is nothing if not founded on natural law. It comes to us on the flood tide. We smile with hilarity to see the just as the unjust relegated to their respective fields of artistic or commercial values by the wafting, softly but surely, of that white magic wand of yours. The ebb tide, inseparable from this reading so intimate in kind, as from all good things, is not without its wholesome lessons. But not for long years has the altar dedicated to LIFE here with us tottered—not even during the run of the campaign fever. Perhaps we were sustained during these days by the hope of casting a vote for Bryan yet! The splendid note you are sounding in behalf of our animal friends is one to reach round this big wilderness of ours, where human animals still abound. Following the idea of William James that life feels like a fight, to act on that idea, making the fight one to include the animal kingdom seems to me to be a working hypothesis of the dear W. J.'s own heart. We are with you in your high-minded vitally humane work in defense of these not the least of our friends.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE POMEROY (Mrs.)

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 17.

From a Captain in the U. S. Army

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—Apropos of your recent editorial comment on the various sorts of opposition to use of rum, do you think the supererogatory activity of that pragmatical band, the W. C. T. U., is altogether "hysterical"?

I was once at an hotel in a city which was the headquarters of one of their conventions, and I assure you that a composite photograph of the two hundred members I saw would scare even an unimaginative child into convulsions. Did any one ever see an attractive woman in its ranks? Did any one ever know any one who had seen one? Did any one ever know any one who knew any one who had seen one?

Not that lack of personal charm is inseparable from earnestmindedness, but in this particular instance I believe there is a connection.

An attractive woman has attention from the other sex to fill her days, or is a normal wife and mother; a talented woman is occupied with her art, be it music, painting, or literature. What

(Continued on page 383)



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

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Prompt attention to out-of-town custom.
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The Ballad of Prue Perkins

Miss Prue Priscilla Perkins was a prim New England maid,
And she never had a suitor since her hair came out of braid,
Though she looked like Dresden china, when in Sunday best arrayed.

But Prue went West one summer and she proudly wrote her name
On a stake upon the prairie, where the wild sun-flowers flame,
And she built a paintless dwelling on a treeless, manless claim.

It wasn't long, it happens, ere the news was spread broadcast,
And the cowboys came to view her—and they came a-riding fast—
And Miss Prue, who'd had no suitors, said:
"The tide has turned at last!"

Now ponies cluster Sundays round the Perkins ranch house small,
And the Perkins parlor bursteth with admirers short and tall.
And a ticket to New England wouldn't please Miss Prue at all!
—Denver Republican.

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

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False Sensitiveness

A thing may be bad, even damned bad (I am not now talking to a Rabbi), but it must not be "offensively Semitic." The reason wherefore does not appeal to me. I should not hesitate to write of a thing as "offensively Irish" or "offensively English," or "offensively Gallic," if it were so in either case. Then if I find a thing offensively Semitic, shall I not say so, on pain of being dubbed a Jew-hater? Parbleu! This is the worst kind of intolerance, the vice of those who have cried "Persecution!" so long that they keep it up after persecution has ceased and often to divert attention from things that will not bear the light.—The Papyrus.

A Question of Length

A small woman traveling with her son—a boy very large for his age—handed the conductor a half-fare ticket and a whole-fare one. The conductor scrutinized the boy critically, and said: "But, madam, I can't pass this boy on a half-fare ticket. He is very large and has on long trousers."

"Very well," replied the woman, "use the whole ticket for him and the half for me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"The Best Cocoa of them All"

If any doubt it, let them try it. Buyers,—for the past 50 years have continued the use of this famous Cocoa, and all indorse its superior qualities. No trouble to make, delicious as a food-drink,—and suitable even for dyspeptics. Its richness and delicate flavor is unapproached.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate — famous everywhere on account of its purity, the extreme ease of preparation, and its aromatic fragrance — the Vanilla bean alone being used for flavoring. Easily digested and very nourishing.



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Where Is Thy Brother—Cain?

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel-leaf,
And the pages of Fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,
And the beast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water
Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—
[For such is the way of man]—

As we murder the useless mother
For the "unborn astrakan."

But a season of rest comes never
For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
Who noteth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censer to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us, over and over,
"Where is thy brother—Cain?"

—James Jeffrey Roche in *Our Dumb Animals*.

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The Great Poe

"The late Charles Eliot Norton," said a Bostonian, "used humorously to deplore the modern youth's preference of brawn to brain."

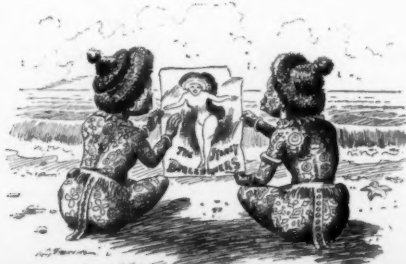
"He used to tell of a football game he once witnessed. Princeton had a splendid player in Poe—you will remember little Poe? and Professor Norton, thinking of 'The Raven' and 'Annabel Lee,' said to the lad at his side:

"He plays well, that Poe."

"Doesn't he?" the youth cried.

"Is he," said Professor Norton, "any relation to the great Poe?"

"Any relation?" said the youth frowning, "why, he is the great Poe."—*Boston Herald*.



Miss Southsea: THE BOLD, BRAZEN HUSSY, DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH IMMODESTY? WHY, SHE HASN'T GOT A STITCH OF TATTOOING ON HER!

The Iconoclasts

"Paul Revere a myth!"—*Daily Paper*.

They say that Paul Revere's a myth,
That Shakespeare was Lord Bacon's name;
That good old Homer's name was Smith,
And so deny the poet's fame.
They tell us that the Trojan fray
Was but a common vulgar row—
I wonder what the deuce they'll say
A hundred years from now?

No doubt they'll say that Tammany
Was not the Sachem of New York;
That Lyman Abbot, L.L.D.,
Wrote Teddy's message on the Stork.
They'll say that Lincoln Steffens wrote
O. Khayyam's verses on "The Bough";
And call Depew an anecdote
A hundred years from now!

Some critic with an avid eye
For dark and deep historic fake
Will rise and blatantly deny
That Haskell ever got the shake.
They'll tell us Rockefeller had
Red ringlets hanging from his brow;
Dub Lawson Mrs. Eddy's dad;
A hundred years from now!

Some Aleck smart of that far time
Will delve into our present day,
And say that Gompers was a rhyme,
A bit of bogie-roundelay;
That Cannon was a work of art
Hand-painted on the gilded prow
Of Uncle Sammy's Tariff-Cart,
A hundred years from now!

They'll say that Hearst was but a dream;
That Brisbane wrote Tom Watson's books;
That Fields and Weber were a team
That preached the Gospel to our crooks;
And they'll deny that Charlie Morse
Carnegie's Book-Stalls did endow.
And claim Hughes was a Trotting-Horse,
A hundred years from now!

Heav'n help us when these Knockers knock!
No record's safe when they begin.
They'll prove that Bok was never Bok,
That Bryan was bereft of chin.
What use is Hohenzollern blood,
What use is effort, toil, and vow?
They'll prove the Kaiser's name was Mud,
A hundred years from now!

—Carlyle Smith in *Harper's Weekly*.

Zangwill's Name

Mr. Zangwill's recent presence in this country gives timeliness to an appreciation of the author and Zionist from the pen of Clarence Rook, which appears in *Putnam's and the Reader* for January. Mr. Rook retells the amusing and characteristic anecdote of his reply to a lady who asked his Christian name—his usual signature being I. Zangwill. "I have no Christian name," he answered. "My first name is Israel."—*New York Evening Post*.

With Apologies to T. R.

"I ain't insultin' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer ARE one!"—*Punch*.

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THE PORCUPINE

Bill Shakespeare says I'm fretful—I guess that you'd be, too, If you had a million needles In your skin—and coming through!

Life's Letter Box

(Continued from page 380)

is left for those whose beauty is not of the irresistible type and who are not endowed with intellectual or musical gifts, to attain a small slice of that notice which cynics say is as the breath of the nostrils to a (small) element of the sex?

It is not wholly adventitious; there must be a psychological explanation. What's the answer?

Small wonder that vice should be alluring if virtue is fairly represented by some of the exponents one sees and hears. All this with due apology to the few sincere women among them, but the pity of it is that a group of women who are wholly unimportant as individuals, and who are not by any means the flag-bearers of any general public sentiment, by massing their plays, can accomplish such mischief as I have seen in the Army since the abolishment of the canteen.

Some one has said that the hen is possessed of excellent sense—she never attempts any natty exercises.

The latest tragedy, indirectly traceable to them, is the death of some eleven soldiers in this (Philippines) division, from methyl alcohol, which they drank by mistake for "vino," a few shades less deadly.

BRUTE.

LOILO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
December 24, 1908.

A Criticism

TO THE EDITORS OF LIFE:

Sirs:—If I am not mistaken you pride yourselves upon the high standard of your paper. You have much to say about the good that you do at Life's Farm—and not for a moment do I doubt that it is so. Frequently, in fact almost constantly, there appears in your issues something on the subject of vivisection, as being brutal and unnecessary to the cause of science. Has it occurred to you that there might be such a thing as the vivisection of human morals—a thing far more brutal and outrageous—and that you may be, in part, responsible for it? In your issue of February 18th—the Liar's



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THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

number—is an illustration of what I write—namely, the article entitled "Correspondence School for Husbands." It is impressively vulgar and witless, and whereas it might not in itself do direct harm, it takes from the sacredness of marriage and is beneath what I believe to be the aim of your paper. You have had much to say upon the subject of divorce and the ease with which it may be brought about, but is this the place to begin to help the difficulty? Should we not by all means in our power talk and think of marriage as a holy estate, and one not to be made light of by coarse and ribald jokes? You who have wide influence and much power should feel it your privilege to help toward the making of noble homes—the only hope of salvation to the nation. Respectfully yours,

EDITH E. ANDREWS.

NEWTON, MASS., February 20.

An Old-Fashioned 1909 Model

WARREN: You must have given the registry man an extra tip for putting that number on your old, second-hand runabout.

ARNOLD: What's the matter with the number?

WARREN: It's 1909.—Lippincott's.



WHY NOT HAVE A MAD MAN SCARCE?

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